

## Orpheum

Wed., Dec. 8

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Walker Whiteside

—in—

## 'THE TYPHOON'

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(BY ARRANGEMENT WITH AUTHOR ROBERTS)

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## TWIN FALLS AFTER A SUGAR FACTORY

Farmers of Twin Falls, Ida., are eager to have a sugar factory erected and to the end that it may be accomplished, the Commercial club of that city has taken up the matter with the Amalgamated Sugar company.

Manager L. R. Eccles of the sugar company states that he has been approached by the members of the Twin Falls Commercial club on the building a sugar factory at Twin Falls, and that he has given them assurance that if 5000 acres of beets can be contracted for the year 1916, the factory will be erected. Mr. Eccles says that the club now has agents in the field for the purpose of securing the desired acreage, with fair prospects of succeeding.

Twin Falls is only 30 miles distant from Burley, but it is the opinion of stockholders in the Amalgamated Sugar company that there is sufficient acreage available in the district for beet culture to supply both factories.

## CHIMMIE FADDEN IN A PULLMAN

You should see Chimmie Fadden in his mix-up in berths in a Pullman Sleeper; 5 reels of laughter, Alhambra tonight.—Advertisement.

## TURNER'S SMOKE HOUSE

Corner 25th St. and Hudson. Tobacco, cigars, papers, magazines, periodicals, etc.

## FRED BURLEY IS FOUND DEAD IN A CAR NEAR BOISE

Fred Burley, a brother of Mrs. George F. Cavo of Ogden, was found dead yesterday near Boise, Idaho, in a house car of an Oregon Short Line bridge building crew, of which he was a member. News of his death, which was reported as due to heart disease, was received last night in a telegram from Boise and Mrs. Cavo left this morning for that city, accompanied by her daughter, Alice Nelson, to arrange for the funeral and interment of the body.

In addition to his sister, Mrs. Cavo, the deceased is survived by a brother, William Burley of Ogden, and his mother, who lives in England.

## YEOMEN ELECTION OF OFFICERS

Tuesday, December 7, 1915. Ogden Homestead, 1505 B. A. Y. will hold election of officers. All members are requested to attend. E. M. Reid, foreman.—Advertisement.

## ELKS' MEMORIAL HELD IN LODGE ROOMS SUNDAY

With approximately 500,000 members of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks in other cities throughout the country similarly honoring the memory of their dead brothers, Ogden lodge No. 719, B. P. O. E., held its annual memorial exercises yesterday afternoon in the local Elks' home on Grant avenue. In keeping with the spirit of the occasion, flowers were arranged in appropriate places about the large hall and on the exalted ruler's rostrum. The hall was well filled with members of the lodge and the families and friends of the departed Elks.

The impressive and beautiful ritualistic memorial service was carried out by Exalted Ruler W. C. Camp and other officers of the lodge, and the principal addresses were made by Judge J. A. Howell and Attorney C. A. Boyd. A special musical program of much appeal was furnished by Miss Rosalie Holberg, Miss Rosamond Laird, Miss Vera Frey and Messrs. Wade and Hammer. The invocation was offered by Rev. W. W. Fleetwood, chaplain of the local lodge.

Judge Howell, in his address, referred to the reasons for holding memorial services, saying that man bears the distinction of transmitting from generation to generation those things that have been accomplished. "It is highly proper therefore," he continued, "that man should show himself indebted to the past for the reason that every human being now born into the world begins his life with the benefit of early development and accomplishment made in the past. There is no eagle of conquest perched on the banner of Elkindom, as in its place is found the words, 'Charity, justice, brotherly love and fidelity.'"

"While the Elks do represent an army, the judge declared further, 'it is organized not to destroy, but to carry on a conquest for the benefit of all mankind.'"

Attorney Boyd mentioned that in 1200 cities and towns of the United States, 500,000 Elks were paying their tribute to departed brothers, in accord with the service of Ogden lodge No. 719. These memorials, he said fur-

ther, could not be considered as of sadness, but rather of gladness, for it furnished from the lives of those something that all living Elks might emulate. Continuing, Attorney Boyd said:

"There is today an army of 500,000 marching under the flag of Elkindom. It is an army, but one not organized for destruction, nor are all of its members generals. The rank and file of Elkindom is ready to fight in the trenches for better conditions in our civic, social and all other institutions of life. The Elks are the big brothers of brotherly love, fellowship and fidelity. We are the big brothers of a world movement and our organization will find its works ready when the armies of blood-stained Europe have put down their weapons."

List of Dead. Since the last memorial service, three members of the lodge, Charles W. Berryman, James A. Ross and Ernest A. Burton, have passed away. The others in whose honor the service was held, are as follows:

George L. Wade, John H. Brady, Harry S. Howard, Julius C. Kiesel, Jesse F. Baker, Samuel Way, Andrew C. Heinzer, Louis J. Holther, Charles W. Lowry, Edward S. Luty, George H. Corse, Albert L. Howe, Gordon S. Grant, Seymour L. Clark, Arthur E. Baker, William E. Marsh, William J. Wood, Fred Arbogast, William L. Maginnis, Harry E. Blain, John D. Car-nahan, James Lee Nelson, Edwin A. Littlefield, Frederick A. Burt, J. Clinton Jones, George Lewis, Allen H. Jenkins, William J. Sweeney, James Casey, Joseph W. Bailey, John H. Line-ton, R. Alex Grant, Emory E. Harrison, Edward H. Line, Peter Minnoch, William H. Behring, Raymond T. O'Donnell, H. S. LeCompte, John Keenan, Thomas W. Jones, Daniel J. Malone, Walter E. Read, Charles M. Beason, James F. McAllister, Samuel H. Winter and George T. Hood.

## CHIMMIE FADDEN IN RIOTOUS ANTICS AT ALHAMBRA TODAY

Victor Moore, George Cohan's famous "Kid Burns," is at the Alhambra today in a feature picture which will live for many seasons as the funniest comedy yet thrown on the screen—"Chimmie Fadden Out West."

There is something so spontaneous in the humor pictured by this star who was stolen from the Broadway stage for the Lasky studios, that he is rapidly becoming admittedly the greatest of all motion picture comedians. He was the original Chimmie Fadden, in the days of the famous play, and he repeats his former triumphs in the Alhambra picture. Large audiences which almost filled the big theatre were convulsed last night from the first flash of the picture to the last. After other comedies produced in picture form, it is a rare treat to laugh through an hour with an actor of Moore's skill and rich fund of imitable mannerisms. "Chimmie Fadden" will remain at the Alhambra today and tomorrow.

Besides the principal picture there is a Paramount traveltogue which is especially interesting. Special concerts will be given tonight by the enlarged orchestra of Professor Larson. Requirements of the Hippodrome program which will open its first three days' engagement at the Alhambra Thursday necessitated even a larger orchestra than Professor Larson had for the Orpheum vaudeville, and these additions, which were made yesterday, make of this Alhambra orchestra one of the most notable musical bodies playing in any theatre in the west.—Advertisement.

## CALIFORNIA ORANGES

We have just unloaded a car of oranges from the Peery Estate, which are grown in Porterville, Cal. They are fine stock, and can be had at all Grocery Stores.

OGDEN COMMISSION CO.—Advertisement.

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## ANOTHER HOME HAS A BURGLAR AS A VISITOR

A very particular and experienced burglar, apparently, visited the home of E. F. Hundley, 2535 Jefferson avenue, last night, but made his departure without securing anything of value. The visitor forced an entrance to the house by cutting the screen which had been put in position over a kitchen window for purpose of "safety first," and then working the window steadily back and forth until the latch was forced off, allowing the window to come open.

Once in the house, he evidently worked undisturbed for, at least an hour, ransacking dresser and desk drawers and tearing up beds in search of money or jewelry. That the obtaining of these articles was his aim, was evidenced by the fact that he did not take any of the valuable articles of different kinds with which he clearly came in contact.

A member of the household, arriving on the premises about 9 o'clock, the silhouette of a man on a kitchen window blind and, realizing that a strange man was in the house, went to a neighboring residence and notified the police. The burglar, however, evidently was on his way out of the house when his shadow was seen and made good his escape, leaving by way of the window before the police arrived.

The robbery was investigated by Officers Burk, Chambers and Wiggins, but no trace of the robber was found.

## 'THE TYPHOON' A GREAT PLAY

The advance sale for the engagement of Walker Whiteside and his fine company in "The Typhoon" at the Orpheum next Wednesday, opened yesterday to a brisk business. From the multitude of inquiries that have been made Manager Goss is anticipating an extremely large audience to see this splendid actor and the play with which his name is inseparably connected, "The Typhoon." The company will go direct from this city to San Francisco for an extended engagement at the Cort theatre.—Advertisement.

## ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS LEFT AT CITY JAIL BY A WOMAN

One hundred eighty dollars were added to the city's fund of wealth this morning, that amount having been forfeited in the municipal court by alleged offenders against the city ordinance. Of the total, Barbara Walters left \$100. She was arrested on Twenty-fifth street, between Grant and Lincoln avenues, by Detectives Robert Burk, Robert Chambers and Patrolman John Hutchins Saturday night, on a charge of selling liquor to minors.

The remainder of the fund was left in \$10 amounts each, by eight Japanese who gave their names as Tamasona, Jimmy, J. Musmull, James Saki, K. Kona, S. Sing, K. Malt and Kajak. The double quartette was arrested December 2nd on the charge of gambling, in a raid led by Patrolman William Brown and backed up by Patrolman Manzel and Pincock and Sergeant C. E. Layton, on a house near Twenty-fourth street, on Grant avenue.

Frank Falkner was sentenced to pay

60  
2  
58

## "LEST WE FORGET"

it is fitting that an occasional reminder be put forth, to the effect that we are daily selling a little more of that coffee excellence, known as FERONA, at 35c the pound can.

PRUNES, ARMSBY'S CELEBRATED PACK, (NEW) IN CARTOONS OF 5 LBS. .... 50c

Currants, 2 pkgs. for ..... 35c  
Seedless Raisins, 2 pkgs. for ..... 25c  
Mince Meat, 2 lbs for ..... 25c  
Golden Bloaters, 8 for ..... 25c

Cauliflower, per lb. .... 15c  
California Head Lettuce, 10c, 2 for ..... 15c  
Celery, per bunch, 5c; 3 for ..... 10c  
Kippered Salmon, the lb. .... 20c

UNEXCELLED FOR NOURISHMENT, BULK PEANUT BUTTER, THE LB. .... 15c

Honey, per comb ..... 15c  
FANCY CREAMERY BUTTER, the lb. .... 35c  
Utah Full Cream Cheese, the lb. .... 20c

Welsh's Grape Juice, per quart. .... 45c  
Aged Full Cream Cheese, the lb. .... 25c

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a \$10 fine or to serve 10 days in jail, already, but the lists for this month following his conviction on a charge of disturbing the peace. He was arrested Saturday night at the Atlas saloon, by Patrolman Marlin and, according to the testimony, started a "rough-house" there.

J. E. Sallee pleaded not guilty of a charge of petit larceny and had his trial set for tomorrow morning. Louis H. Harrison, a plain drunk, was given a suspended sentence, and E. W. Ames, Ed Gallagher, John Hassell and Joe Drysdale, Sunday drunks, were each sentenced to pay a \$3 fine or to serve 3 days in jail.

Mrs. Anabella Nilsson, who was arrested Saturday for drunkenness and begging, was given the alternative of paying a \$5 fine or of serving a five-day jail sentence.

Chimmie Fadden at the Alhambra today and tomorrow.

## CITIZENS SUMMONED TO SERVE IN THE JURY BOX

Both divisions of the district court have taken up the trial of cases for the December term and talesmen have been summoned to appear as trial jurors. The jury list for the year has been completely exhausted and some talesmen have served more than once

already, but the lists for this month are the last for the year.

Thirty men for each division of the court have been called for service, the first appearance being in Judge J. A. Howell's court this afternoon.

Following are the two lists:

Judge Howell's Division.

E. A. Bingham, Henry Fisher, Earl Abbott, Elias A. Bowns, Richard B. Porter, Earl O. Thompson, James A. Fife, W. T. Dallimore, M. H. Allen, William Van Allen, G. C. Hansen, Walter L. Harris, Reuben H. Wadman, Peter J. McCombie, H. W. Gwilliam, Dan McKnight, Stephen E. Halliday, LeRoy Eccles, Sam P. Woodmansee, Fred Toot, W. E. Archibald, Emual Hansen, Charles Mortensen, John Shaw, E. M. Morrissey, Joseph Harris, Jr., W. L. Crawford, Robert Hunter, Edw. C. Charlton, Anton Christensen.

Judge Harris' Division.

James B. Hunter, W. H. Chard, Joseph Fingree, Jr., Arthur D. Powers, Louis Zitzman, Joseph I. Smith, William W. Boyle, George McBride, Gustave Felt, Adam A. Bingham, David W. Evans, Willard C. Carver, George W. Bailey, Carl Hanson, Benjamin B. Dye, David E. Randall, Willard Jewell, Weston L. Buswell, E. W. Owen, Niels Lofgreen, Albert G. Ward, James B. Jarman, Byron L. Bybee, John Dinsdale, David Hancock, Robert Grange, James Gibson, James S. Campbell, James M. Carlson, and J. P. Hall.

TOO LATE TO CLASSIFY.

FOUND.

WHITE Scotch Collie; sable head, 881 23rd St. 12-61wk

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## MINING STOCK

To carrying on development work this company will sell a limited number of shares of Treasury stock at 10c per share for a few days only. Our claims are located in the famous Lake View district, Promontory Point. Samples of ore and certificate of assay may be seen at Room 411, First National Bank Bldg.

RED LOBE MINING CO.  
By E. A. Stratford, Asael Farr, Everett Neuteboom, Alfred E. Stratford, Lorenzo Hales, Thomas Cunningham, Harry Hales, Board of Directors.—Advertisement.

## NOTICE, F. O. E.

All members are requested to be present at the meeting Wednesday, December 8. Election of officers and other important business.

G. F. ROACH, W. P. E. R. GEIGER, Secy.—Advertisement.

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## Crown Painless Dentist

Over Wilcox Grocery Co. 2408 Washington Avenue.

# Getting His Package

By Walt Gregg

HE cup had just been placed in the center of Mr. Blake's window. It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and the cup had obviously only just arrived. It had been unpacked speedily by Mr. Blake, and Lord Morston's gift to the Rifle Club was displayed in tremendous splendor, so that all who passed up and down High street could look and long.

The news soon spread through the little town. The cup had arrived at last, and all the members of the local Rifle Club, together with their friends, were thronging the window of the stationer's shop.

"What a splendid cup!" "Well, Lord Morston has really shown his interest in the Rifle Club at last." "A bit of it right—" These were the ejaculations of the crowd.

Mr. Augustus Pearson, head salesman of the boot shop which supplied footwear for all the villagers around Morston-on-the-Wash, was told that the cup had arrived, within 10 minutes of shutting up the shop. He affected a quiet disregard of the news, while at the same time his eagerness was throbbing through him.

Augustus Pearson was a leading member of the Rifle Club, but he was not the most popular person in the little town. He "had ideas," so the people said. He thought too much of himself; his life was occupied in far too strenuous a way with Augustus Pearson.

At the same time he was somebody in the town and, though he was not generally liked, he still had a position—one which he was determined to maintain and even to improve.

At 5:30 Mr. Pearson sauntered out

of the boot emporium and strolled down High street. His duties for the day were over; he had waxed his mustache with great care and he was now a young gentleman at large.

When he got opposite to the brilliantly lit window of Blake's shop he stopped, and, hoping that nobody observed him, joined the little knot of loiterers in front of the plate-glass window.

Certainly the cup was a desirable trophy for any one. It stood a foot and a half high. It was obvious, so Mr. Pearson deduced, hall-marked inside and out, and the four riflemen in "solid silver" which supported it upon the plinth were a quadruple incentive to patriotism and greed.

Mr. Pearson turned into the shop, and asked Miss Blake if the London evening papers had arrived or not. He knew perfectly well that the London evening papers never did arrive there, but he felt it his duty to say something of the sort.

"O, Mr. Pearson," said Miss Blake, "surely you are going to win this trophy. His lordship's butler brought it down this afternoon and, talking with him, he mentioned your name."

Mr. Pearson twisted his mustache and looked kindly at Miss Blake, who was a dear, wizened old thing. "Well," he said, "of course, Miss Blake, sport is sport."

Miss Blake nodded. "It is, indeed," she answered.

"I'm so glad you agree with me," said Miss Blake. "Pearson continued, 'But what you say about winning the cup is, of course, of course, of course, on the knees of the gods, you may say.'"

"Indeed, Mr. Pearson," answered the lady who presided over the stationer's shop, "indeed, it must be so. But if I know anything of our noble defenders, you, Mr. Pearson, will win it."

"If I do, Miss Blake," replied Mr. Pearson, "I hope—"

As he was framing a pretty speech a short, thick-set man bustled into the shop and asked roughly for a penny packet of note-paper and envelopes. "Hall-Gus," the man said to the immaculate Mr. Pearson. "What about tomorrow?"

"That remains to be seen," said Miss Blake. "Here's your packet of note-paper, Mr. Jarvis."

"Well, I'll say good night," said Augustus Pearson, and left the shop, followed to the door by the newcomer.

It was a quarter to six in the evening and the lights in the few shops in High street were dimly burning. Mr. Pearson was standing in the doorway, waiting for the newcomer.

"Of course it does," Jarvis replied. "But what a silly jargon you are, Gus. You see, I shan't know who's firing. I shall simply record the shots upon the sheet, and I shan't know whether it's you, Waddington or Thorne. You're talking through your hat."

Mr. Augustus Pearson threw the end of his cigarette away and looked keenly at his companion. "I'm not the fool," he said.

"Well, then, get at it. What exactly do you mean, Gus?"

"Just this. You'll be watching the impact of the bullets upon the target and, as you say, you won't know whose firing. We each have 10 shots for the cup. My first shot I shall fire a little wide of the bull, and you will know it's me, and no one else, for the reason that you'll see a blue stain upon the whitewash."

"O, a little idea of my own, which is this. I bought a couple of blue pencils yesterday, and I'm going to cover the bullets with the blue before I fire them off. When they get on to the target you'll see at once whose shooting. There will be the blue mark upon the whitewash, and you'll book

me up accordingly."

Mr. Jarvis chuckled. "Well," he said, "you are a one!"

"I may or may not be," answered Mr. Augustus Pearson. "But I think that when the occasion arises I can be adequate."

"I rather expect you can, Gus. Two quid, you said? 'Onest Injun?'"

"Two quid," replied Mr. Pearson, as he rose and left "The Rifleman" with his companion.

It was unfortunate that the little red curtain window at the back of the conspirators had been open, because Mr. Livermore, the secretary of the club and also the range superintendent, happened to be reading the paper in the landlady's sanctum.

He had found the paper rather dull and was inclined to be sleepy. But the voices on the other side of the wall had dissipated his incipient slumbers and made him sit very upright indeed.

The drill hall at 7 o'clock the next evening was full of Territorials, members of the Rifle Club and local mag-

nates.

During the day the cup had been shot for. Mr. Thorne and Mr. Waddington had struggled for the mastery. Their scores had been signaled from the butts, and as the two had tied, expectation as to who should be the winner had risen very high.

Mr. Pearson, who was not considered to have a really sporting chance, was the last man to fire. He had lain down, snapped up his aperture-sight, fiddled with the micrometer gauge, touched up his foresight with a camel's hair brush and a little lampblack, and fired steadily at the 300-yard range.

Time after time the signal had dipped, ducked and risen again to the confusion of the champions. At the end of the firing Mr. Pearson was ad-

judged the winner with three short of a "possible."

Now the hall was full, and Augustus Pearson, sitting modestly three or four benches away from the platform, was the recipient of the congratulations of his fellow-members. These were very hearty indeed, and Augustus felt that, after all life was worth living.

He was indubitably the hero of the moment, and also of Morston-on-the-Wash. He had proved himself to be a comrade and another came up to him and smacked him heartily upon the back—rather too heartily, he sometimes thought—he realized that he was in the center of the picture for the first time in his life.

He, Augustus Pearson, was at the moment, the cynosure of every eye, the most important individuality in the town.

Augustus had always had doubts of himself before. In imagination he had seen himself in splendid situations—winning the V. C. being presented by the king with the Albert medal, and coming back to his native town to be met upon the platform by all the prettiest girls of the village, presenting him, if not with the freedom of the city, at any rate with their suffrages and love.

He had imagined such happenings in the past, but had never really believed they could be materialized. Now, however, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, he was the undoubted champion of Morston-on-the-Wash.

Yet he was not entirely happy. Somehow or other his comrades, while congratulating him, seemed to be a smacked him on the back with a somewhat insincere heartiness. They congratulated him with voices in which the sensitive young man almost imagined that he detected sarcasm, if

not menace. "It is," he thought to himself, "pure jealousy, but at the same time—"

There was a sudden hush. The bell had rung; everybody settled themselves in their seats.

Mr. Dalton, the Mayor; Mr. Purvis, the rector, and Lord Morston—a fat, jolly clean-shaven little man with white hair—trooped upon the platform.

After a few preliminary words from the mayor, his lordship took a step forward and began his speech.

Always, he said, he had been a patron of and a believer in the rifle clubs of this kingdom. It was now his pleasant duty to present the cup which he had been privileged to provide to the winning shot of Morston-on-the-Wash.

This cup had been won by Mr. Augustus Pearson, and—here there was a tremendous applause in the body of the hall—and he would add nothing to the applause which he had just heard, but simply call upon the champion shot of the Rifle Club to receive that which was his just and proper due.

Urged on, not to say pushed on, by his enthusiastic companions, Augustus Pearson advanced toward the platform. A servant came hurriedly upon the platform holding a large silver tray.

Upon the tray was a china mug of a deep cerulean blue. In it was a sheaf of blue pencils—a dozen at least. Lord Morston bent over the platform and handed the trophy to Augustus.

"And now, Mr. Pearson," he said, "I have no doubt you will wish to retire while the other presentations are made."

When Augustus eventually reached the door of the hall he had nothing in his hand at all. All he carried away with him, broken and disheveled as he was, was a packet of washing blue which some one had pressed down between his neck and his collar.